
Calendar for the Week.

Thursday, Feb. 16—4 p.m.—Y.W.C.A.

4 p.m.—Political Science Club, address by Prof. Cappon.

Friday, Feb. 17—12 a.m.—Excursion to Toronto.

4 p.m.—Queen's Theological Society, address by Prof. Dall.

4 p.m.—Y.W.C.A.

Saturday, Feb. 18—11 a.m.—Q.U.M.A.

3 p.m.—Inter-year Basketball.

7 p.m.—A.M.S.

8 p.m.—Assault-at-Arms, Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing Club.

Sunday, Feb. 19—10 a.m.—Prof. Morison's Bible Class.

3 p.m.—University Service in Grant Hall, Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B.D., Ottawa.

Monday, Feb. 20—4 p.m.—Lecture on the Book of Revelation, Prof. Scott.

5 p.m.—Philosophical Society, address by Prof. Jordan on "Criticism and Philosophy."

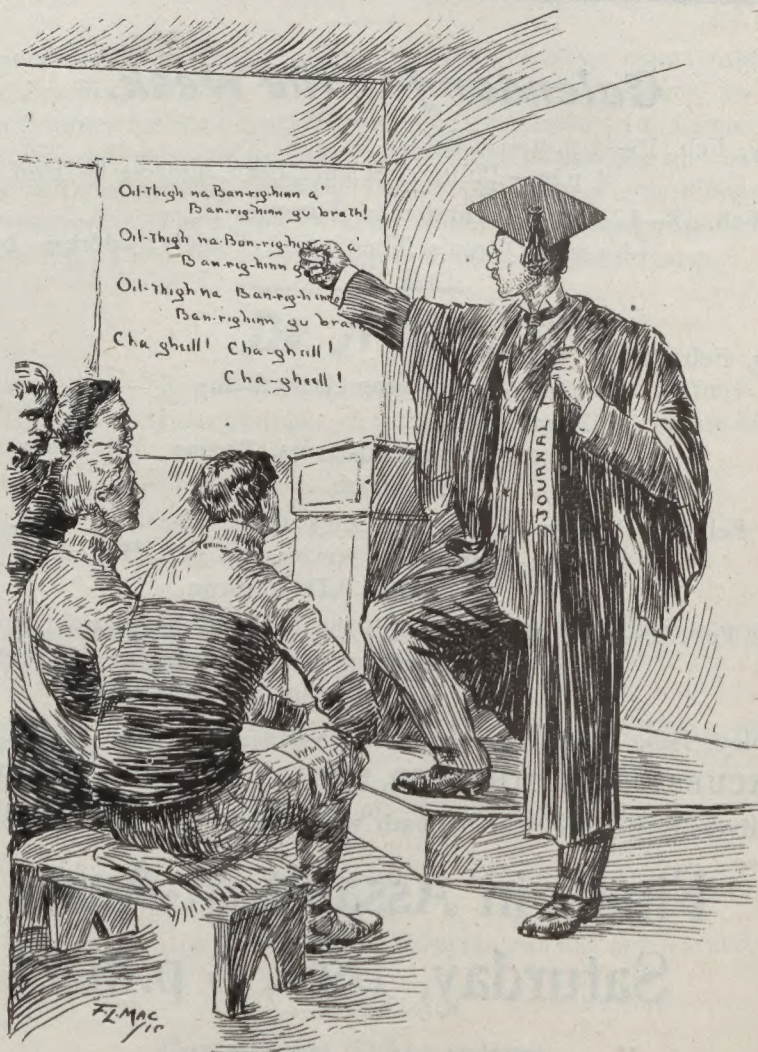
Wednesday, Feb. 22—4 p.m.—Levana Society, programme by Juniors.

EXCURSION TO TORONTO, FRIDAY, FEB. 17—FARE \$3.35.

University Service next Sabbath will be held in **GRANT HALL.**

Finals in Assault-At-Arms

Saturday, 18th, 8 p.m.





VOL. XXXVIII.

FEBRUARY 15th, 1911.

No. 16.

What Universities Can Do For Canada.

An Address by Dr. Stephen Leacock.

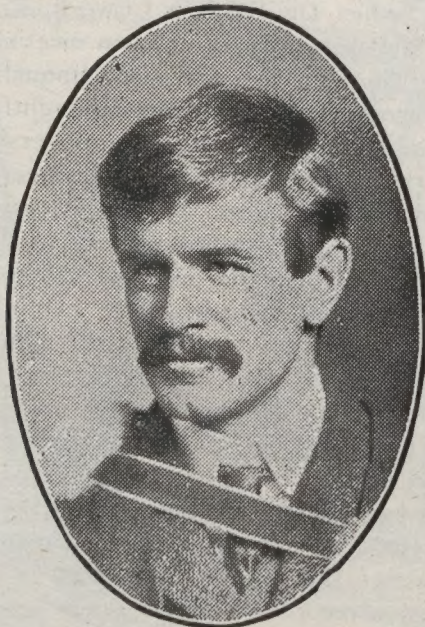
THE plan for an interchange of addresses each year by professors of Queen's and McGill, first suggested by the Undergraduate Society of McGill and taken up with enthusiasm by the Arts Society here, was completed last Wednesday night, when Dr. Stephen Leacock, Professor of Political Science and Civics at McGill, addressed an open meeting of the Arts Society, in Convocation Hall. The plan has proved an unqualified success and will be continued. Dr. Leacock treated in a most thoughtful and comprehensive manner a subject of the highest importance to university men, and his well-known eloquence and humor were given full play, earning the frequent applause of the large audience of students and professors who welcomed him.

President Telford in introducing him, referred briefly to the beginning of the movement as a result of which Dr. Leacock had come to address the Society. He said it was designed to make more helpful the already cordial relations existing between the two universities. Queen's and McGill had often met in contests of various kinds, but so far there had not been much in the way of a direct contribution from one university to the other.

Dr. Leacock first expressed his hearty gratification in being called upon to represent McGill on such an occasion, and said that the movement for an exchange of addresses was an excellent warrant for the spirit that existed between McGill and Queen's. Referring to the chairman's remarks, he said, "I am glad to know, however, that I am not to speak on a competitive basis. I am not here to establish a record for long distance, long wind, or anything of that kind. If I do not give the kind of mental food which you are expecting, do not give up the idea. You cannot emphasize the first too much that here in Canada there is no room for jealousy among our great educational institutions. The workers are all too few and the work all too great to leave any room for jealousy. We are not rivals in the narrow sense of the term."

Continuing, he said: "To-night I am to speak of the universities and their relation to Canada. We have here a subject which is of very great importance to any country at any time, but it is one of particular importance to Canada at this time. Quite apart from the platitudes of the political platform we can boast of a very great country, one of the greatest in the world. Yet any fair-minded person will be forced to admit that if you take a cross-section of us at the present time, inflated as much as we dare inflate it with all the immigration returns and all the estimates of the census officers, it does not show

us a very great people. If you look at us only as we exist to-day we are the inhabitants of a very little and unimportant country. But if you turn to the future, and picture the time when the present development shall have issued, as it will of necessity issue, in a very great change of political conditions, then you see that our country may play a vast part in the world, if we build it rightly. No man can look at the magnificent stretch of land between the Atlantic and Pacific shores, a region that is now awaking to the voice of Western civilization, and not find his voice hushed with the stillness of a great responsibility. Every man who has a part in guiding and controlling the education of this country, when he considers what the universities mean and ought to mean, the culture that they are to spread abroad, the influence they must exert, must see that they are to be one of the greatest factors in determining the development of what is destined to be one of the greatest empires in the



Prof. Stephen Leacock, B.A., Ph.D.

world. (When I say that is our destiny I am stating only the necessary, inevitable, matter-of-fact result of our present position). But that empire is still in the making.

There have been two elements in the growth of any nation to greatness, the material and the moral. There has been first the element of mere everyday life. With that has been the moral, mental or spiritual side. Look back in history and you will see these always distinguishable. Look at Greece, a nation which built the Parthenon and at the same time built up great ethical systems. A nation which leaves out the spiritual element is doomed to discord and decay, however magnificent may be its greatness in arms or its splendor for a time. That alone can give to the material side of a nation its

true worth and value. But if a nation lapses altogether to an unbalanced learning it also will wither and die; it must have a solid physical basis. It is fair for us to consider then that wherever nations have risen to greatness these two elements have been conjoined.

Let us turn from that general proposition to see what have been the outstanding features of the growth on the North American continent. Here we have a country whose civilization dates back some three hundred years, and which has been planted and has grown in a way absolutely unparalleled in history. We have had here a peculiar struggle, a struggle with the primeval wilderness by men armed with all the implements of civilization, brought from Europe.

We should expect that under these conditions, since the mental equipment had already been brought, we should find here the progressive evolution of a people with a very highly developed machine-like efficiency. In other words we should expect to find a highly progressive, practical people, with a marked tendency to organization and a rapidity and ease of organization. In such a civilization there would be none of those lingering vestiges of the past, such as we see in Europe. Nothing here antedates the fifteenth century. There would be nothing, for example, in the shape of a leisure and more or less superfluous class. And there would consequently be a certain mental freedom from tradition and bias, and perhaps an over-great tendency to accept new ideas.

When we start, therefore, from this tendency, this freedom from the past and this eagerness for the future, we can easily trace the development of our educational standards. The idea of practical efficiency, for one thing, has partially over-balanced a system of great mental worth. Whenever you speak of letters or any part of the world within, you will see that in these things America has never risen to the rank of the older lands. When we think of the history and development of this continent it becomes a matter of wonderment that we have made so thin a contribution to the thought of the world and to its literature, especially in the nineteenth century. Our educational system we must admit, in the whole domain of literature and art, has fallen far below the European standards. Figures show that we can read and write better than any people in the world, and we have machines that can write faster than we can, more of them than any other people ever thought about. But if one were to look over a library of ten thousand books here in America, (I had the opportunity of making this test not long ago), taking even only the books written during the last century, he would find that nine-tenths of the books read by the people of North America have not been written by them. We are not a new country, in the sense that we are still struggling for a living. We have had the public school with us longer than any other country in the world. But look over any list of great authors and artists and you will find very, very few Americans.

Let us see whether upon investigation we can find anything in our educational system that seems not to be making in the right direction. I think

one thing is this: being of necessity a very practical and efficient people, of necessity we get to attach a value to the products of mind and body different from that of the older lands. It is a fact that we have got a somewhat distorted sense of the success achieved by those who have been successful in a money sense. Children grow up among us with the idea that a man is not successful who only makes a living, but that a man who has made enough to ensure him a living is called to go on amassing vast sums and living like an over-fatted hog, in the belief that he should be able to buy all that he wants. Those especially who are just entering upon life, are accustomed to attach very great importance to everything said about or by a man who has been successful in amassing wealth. We seem to think that because a man is a multi-millionaire it follows that he is able to tell us more about immortality than the man who has never made fifty dollars in a week in his life. What does follow, and what we forget, is that there are other values than those determined by the yard-stick of commerce. Everybody has got to have enough to get his breakfast, but all the large things, the things that really matter and count, lie outside of that rather troublesome thing we call earning our daily bread. But we have been accustomed to make so much of the men who have made themselves wealthy that we give a wrong standard of values to all the young people of ten or twelve years of age, those who are just "growing up." I said ten or twelve because at the age of five or six they are more of idealists. Then they want to be kings, or prime ministers, or motor-men or policemen, but very soon the virus of the yellow dollar creeps into their veins and they want to be such and such a thing because you can make money at it, or because you don't have to work very hard. In Europe all the young men who should be tying up sugar want to be poets, and up in garrets they try to write tragedies, by the light of a candle. The fact that fifty young men do that means that one of them, like Ibsen, who was an apothecary's assistant, will write a tragedy. But in this country let a boy but know the difference between ninety-nine cents and a dollar and his fortune is made. Because that vein of thought is so dominant among us it stifles our intellectual culture.

I hope I have not been overstating things. I know I have. In fact I have a tendency to state half-truths as if they were whole-truths. I sometimes try shutting one eye to see what I can see with the other alone and then speaking of it as if it had been seen by both eyes. The plan sometimes gives good results. In the political sphere it is probably the best system altogether.

Let us see how this peculiar environment will affect our universities. We live in a practical age among a practical people. The one thing then our universities are called upon to say is whether they also are willing to be practical. They are asked to turn out practical men. Milton was not practical. He sold all the poems he could write for about fifteen pounds. Should a university be practical, with the practical end and aim ever in front of it? I am not prepared to give an unqualified negative in reply to that question.

I am not one of those who think that a university should be a sort of cloister and a professor a kind of monk. Yes it has to be practical, and must turn out graduates who are able to earn their own living. We have to do this for various reasons. In this country we have no leisure class, in the older sense of a leisure class who stand on the backs of those beneath, who live at ease, and let their brains go, and who hand down only their privileges from father to son, on the ground that the sons do not need their brains. Such a class will probably never come here. Obviously a university must reckon with that fact. We must therefore give our young men an ability to earn their living. The university must give to the student who comes to it, in short, some training so that he may be an economic member of society. Here, then, is the seat of learning. There is the student poring over a book. What is he in search of? Wisdom? Not a bit. He wants a diploma so that he can be a druggist. In our highly specialized life each profession and even each trade has become a kind of closed corporation, and what the university must hand out is the information that will enable the young man to enter these trades and professions. So you have the curious spectacle of students cramming up this information in order to get the subsequent liberty of forgetting it again by passing an examination.

There is no use in the university setting itself against this tendency, which is demanded by practical necessity. True it leads us to mistake this ability to cram for a final examination for real learning. To those who have passed through it the examination hall looks dreary. To those who have not yet passed through it it possesses, I may say, all the fascination of the horrible. To those who are able to look down at it from above, it seems absolutely dreary, and even ludicrous. You might ask then, why do we not get away from this foolish Chinese fashion? (Applause). I see you are just as eager for the change as I was in my time, but let me say your opinions on that subject will change. In about four years even the youngest of you will say, "No, keep the examinations. They do the students good." The universities in fact must keep the examinations. You cannot judge what a student knows by looking at him, though sometimes you can tell what he does not know. Moreover the professor would need the fairmindedness of the goddess of Justice herself to rank his students without the aid of an examination. We cannot expect to supersede the mechanical efficiency of the examination method as a means of distinguishing between students.

What follows from this then if the case is as shown, or is as it seems to be? In the first place those who cry out that we must be practical may be met by this argument, first, that very often the most practical man will be one who has been trained in what seemed the least practical way. The study of the dead languages is certainly a case in point. It can be argued that the study of Latin has no connection with making a living (except in the case of the despised professor who makes something like a living in that way), because there are no people who speak Latin or Greek to whom we might sell many yards of colored cotton. But these languages in another sense are of

supreme practical efficiency. Those of you who have ever been trained to play a violin, (I took a few lessons once, though it did not sink in very deep, and so I am qualified to judge), will know that one of the efforts of your teacher was to keep you from trying to play little tunes on it before you had learned the notes. In many of our high schools a boy is given a little manual of civics and he is given a little training in civics before he has learned the elementary knowledge that would enable him to use it. That is doing the same thing as when you try to play "Little Annie Rooney" on a violin before you have learned the notes. The study of the languages is of supreme educational value because it is so completely separated from any immediate practical use that it is the very thing we should try to invent if we did not have it. A boy will get far better acquainted with his own language by studying another than he will by reading all the manuals ever written. Take almost any man who can speak, who can think on his feet and say what he thinks almost before he thinks it and you will find that it was the study of the dead languages that gave him this power to use his own. Do not start a boy off with a manual on oratory.

I am quite ready to pronounce the arts course of our universities highly practical and efficient. The educated man can beat the other man at his own trade, and if the educated farmer cannot outwork and cheat the eyes out of his fellow-farmer then it is the agricultural college that is wrong. A man may see no practical use for higher mathematics but if he studies Euclid as if he really cared whether the three angles of a triangle were equal to, equal to,—what I mean to say is that if a man studies Euclid with the kind of assiduity which will never let him forget its propositions at any later date, he will find it of tremendous practical value.

But this is not all that the universities are aiming at. When we have taught a young man to outbusiness the business man, and outfarm the farmer all that is only the *sine qua non*. What we have to do is to implant in this young man the supreme sense that the practical is not the highest thing at which to aim. We live in an atmosphere that is biased; it must be our business to set right the bias. We must teach our young men that there is such a thing in life as a fine work absolutely separated from all pecuniary success. Think how hard it is for any man to-day who wants to stand out as a real leader of the people. The first question asked about him is,—Is he a rich man? If not, people say there must be something wrong with such a man. We must show men, in every graduate we turn out, a new kind of ideal, not the foolish indifference to material things of the Parsee, who would lie down in the dirt, satisfied, with merely a handful of rice, to seek mental transformation in a kind of naked conspicuousness, but yet another kind from that which is to-day forcing itself upon our notice. I want to see the time come when we shall turn out some young men with such an ideal that they will want to make just their living and nothing more, and will want to do something outside of that. I want to see the time when we shall turn out some of those great people who cannot earn their own living. Is it not a

somewhat ominous sign that all our graduates so quickly secure fine positions? Is there not something wrong with the system that does not leave here and there some of those individuals who seek not wealth or position but a truer success?

The Y.M.C.A. Secretary.

Mr. W. A. Sutherland, recently appointed Y.M.C.A. Secretary, may be numbered in the long list of worthy students which the county of Bruce has contributed to this University. Born at Lucknow, and spending the early part of his life there, breathing the atmosphere of a strict Scottish home (for which the county of Bruce is noted) he absorbed sufficient of that force of character which stands him in good stead as he finds his place in the world of men.

Later Mr. Sutherland removed to Nairn, a village in the county of Middlesex. During his residence there he entered into work among the young



W. A. Sutherland.

people of the village and community with an earnestness and ability that marked him at once as a leader. Afterwards he attended Parkhill High School, where he was most deservedly popular, winning his way into the hearts of both sexes, by his genial and unassuming manner. A few years later he came to Queen's joining the year '10 in the Arts faculty. Throughout his course here he took a strong interest in all pertaining to his year, his efforts in this respect being recognized by his election as president in his junior year.

An untiring worker on committees, Mr. Sutherland has served at one time or another on nearly every important committee connected with the stu-

dent life of the University, and has thus been brought into touch in the most effective way possible with the various college activities.

While widely known to the students of all faculties, and always a hail-fellow-well-met "W. A.," as he is generally called, has sufficient dignity to retain a strong influence for right living. At present his wide acquaintance with the students and his thorough training and ability in college affairs are of the greatest advantage to the Y.M.C.A. as they seek a solution for the very important problems that confront them, for those handling these problems must be in a position to judge of the necessities of student life. The present secretary is devoting his time, ability and popularity to enable the Y.M.C.A. to be a greater factor in student life.

The McGill Protest.

At the time of writing word has just been received that McGill has won her protest against Queen's. The committee was equally divided, and the president cast his vote for McGill. This will mean that in the event of Queen's winning in Toronto the game here with McGill will be replayed. Although we are sorry to lose the protest, it is a good thing to have a definite ruling on the point, and we can feel confident that the team will not let the score become so close in the next game that a single goal will make the difference between a win and a tie.

The Call of the West..

(By Prof. R. A. MacLean, of Manitoba College—Queen's '03).

The haze on the far horizon, the tints of an Autumn sky,
An infinite ocean of wheat fields, and the wild geese flying high:
The hum of the busy binder, the laugh, and the song, the jest,
And all of the earth's wild freedom, hark! this is the Call of the West.

The crisp, frost air in the winter, the sun of a tropic sky,
The snowshoe tramp by the river, and the curler's call "tee-high,"
The Northern Lights in the heavens, the healthiest land, and the best,
The nearness to life that's nowhere except in the Land of the West.

'Tis a land of hope and of promise, where man as a friend meets man
Where people are up and doing, they can, for they think then can;
A land that's becoming daily the goal of the wanderer's quest,
Where the patriot sings with devotion, "My Country! The Land of the West!"

A land that is free from tradition, a man is judged by his worth,
To the Russian, Iclander, or Saxon, or whatever the land of his birth,
To each and to all there's a welcome, to this country with liberty blest,
Oppression and tyranny elsewhere, but not in this Land of the West.

And far, far away o'er the ocean, a sweetheart, a sister, a wife,
Is waiting, and looking, and longing to obtain a renewal of life,
In this land where for all there is plenty, where they will enjoy with the rest,
A fulfilment of hopes and of visions, when they answer the Call of the West!

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The Students' Union.

The Committee on the Students' Union, after a series of interviews and two wings, in the form of an L, one to be under the control of the Alma Mater Society, last week, its findings on this important matter. It recommended that the Society express its approval of the campaign for a Union: and its wishes were met. It outlined plans for the building, suggesting that it be of two wings, in the form of an L, one to be under the control of the Alma Mater Society, the other under the Y.M.C.A. In regard to the source of the money for the construction of the building, it was stated that while precise information could not be made public, assurances of support had been received. These involved sums large enough to indicate that the financial burden would not be a heavy one for the students. The report further suggested the equipment and disposition of the rooms. These recommendations, together with another that a second committee be named to co-operate with the University authorities to promote the project of the Union were approved by the Society.

There is very little in this report to which an objection can be taken. The committee facing a difficult proposition covered the ground thoroughly. It didn't jump to any conclusions and it didn't commit the A.M.S. to a project that is infeasible or impossible. The Union is a pressing need. Its completion is bound to meet the wishes of the vast majority of the students. The main difficulty in the whole proposal is the financial side. The source of funds has not been made public. The promised subscriptions may prove false hopes. Then the burden of construction will fall on the students; and they have already enough obligations to meet. The new committee and the authorities must move with circumspection. The gymnasium debt is yet to be met. Other projects have not passed the stage of demand on student resources. The question as to the amount of money that can be provided by students for a Union is one that will stand a great deal of consideration.

A Hazy Subject.

The Arts Society has been considering its morals: and has decided that smoke, while it may be nice in the right place, is unbeautiful in the Arts' Club-room. It made this decision without haste: went at the question deliberately and got through the haze that is bound up with the subject. From time to time it has been argued that smoke and philosophy, or English and Economics were not incompatibles, but stood in the position of common agencies working for a serenity of mind and spirit. Against this view the opinion has been held that smoke befogged the intellect as well as the atmosphere and wasn't to be confined in its effects by the four walls of any room. And so the matter has swung between opinions until it became enveloped in a haze of uncertainty. It was a question of "to smoke or not to smoke" and proved a matter of anguish to those who wrestled with it. Sounds of the pianola issued from the club-room. The smokers sighed for the accompaniment of the easy chair and the pipe: the non-smokers found it sweet in the clear atmosphere. The question, then, came to its quietus. The Arts Society calmly, by a decisive vote, stood for the views of the non-smokers and said to those who sought an extension of privileges in the Club Room, "Put that in your pipe and smoke it." The whole question is serious enough and has two sides. It resolves itself, however, into a question of place, not one of habits. It is probable that had the Arts Society declared for smoke, it would have found itself in the dust and heat of strife again, for the Senate after all has final authority in connection with the use of rooms in the Arts building.

An Editorial and Its Sequel.

In its last issue the Journal pointed out the fact that a state of congestion prevailed at the post-office wicket at times when students particularly desired to get mail, with the result that the convenience which attached to the first establishment of the post-office was greatly lessened. It was further suggested that by an extension of office hours or an increase of staff at certain hours the obvious difficulties might be removed. For this criticism the Journal has suffered the withdrawal of its privilege of distribution from the college post-office. The Registrar has suggested that the Journal is responsible for post-office congestion: and advises that the hours of Journal distribution be restricted or other means devised for putting our output into the hands of the students. This is the price paid for our criticism. In a later issue the Journal will discuss other aspects of the editorial and its sequel. For the present we leave the question—"Is it advisable that criticism or suggestion from student sources, considerably offered, should be stifled?"

The mass meeting for discussion of the proposal that a student pastor be secured was adjourned until Monday, 20th. Come out to express an opinion.

Ladies.

The Dead Game Sport.

"Look here upon this picture and on this."

PATRICIA thoroughly enjoyed all out-door sport, as most healthy young Canadians do; she could skate, ski, snow-shoe and toboggan and do them all well. One evening a party of her friends came for her to go on a long snow-shoe tramp. She had nothing in particular to do, except work—and that can always be postponed till the spring—the weather was ideal, so she consented at once to go And they called her a "dead game sport."

It was early morning, with the discouraging grayness of winter mornings, and bitterly cold. There was hurried whispering in the corridors, and a general air of assumed cheerfulness. The junior hockey team was going out for an extra practice. Listening to all these preparations, Portia was congratulating herself that she didn't have to get up for another hour, when a hurried knock announced the captain of the team. Portia must get up at once, they were one girl short, and the year just had to do well in the match. She had never held a hockey stick in her hands, and could not skate very well, but she did as they asked, and went through the practice without a complaint. She fell often, had her foot frozen, and was late for chapel. . . . But no one called her "a dead game sport."

As the spring exams approached Patricia advanced to the ordeal serenely. She didn't believe in worry; not so her younger sister, Polly, to whom they loomed very terrible. Would Patricia tell her what was most important in the Italian grammar? "Don't bother me, child," said Patricia. . . . But sometimes they called her a "dead game sport."

Portia was very busy, it was the home stretch of the year's race, with the goal (in the shape of the world history exam) looming very near. She was counting up the precious hours that remained, when a timid knock announced an intruder. It was little "Budgie," from the Barbadoes, her brow puckered, and her arms full of books. "Portia," she said in a hopeless tone, "I just can't get this German stuff straightened out. I'll fail, and I can't come back if I do." Portia pushed aside her own books and "straightened out" Budgie's tangle. . . . Perhaps the recording angel wrote her down as a "dead game sport."—D. T. S. '11.

French class. Miss H-p—k translating—"J'ai une autre proposition a faire. I have another proposition to make."

Prof. D-s:—"Proposal," Miss H-p—k, I prefer 'a proposal.' (Too bad it's only 1911).

Prof. lecturing in Physics:—"You know what I is, you know what O is, and now it's a very easy matter to find the other—That's U."

Prof. W-ll-e (Junior Hebrew):—"These people were not philosophers. They were story-tellers and preachers—two things that go well together."

An unusual treat at Levana, last Wednesday, was the musical programme provided by the girls themselves, each year contributing several numbers. Miss Florence Bissonnette, Miss Agnes Allen, Miss Marjory Hopkirk, Miss Grace McLelland, Miss Nelly Merry, Miss Loretta Totten, Miss Cora Watt and Miss Abbie Bole each took a share in the programme, after which Miss Machar, whom we are always delighted to have with us, spoke to the girls of the Woman's National Council and its wonderfully helpful work, urging the Levana Society to consider the question of forming a local branch.

The following definition applies either to hexameter or to snow-shoeing: "A bad mixture of different kinds of feet."

Medicine.

Dr. Frederick Etherington will sail for England early in the season. The retiring professor will spend some time in the study of surgery before taking up actual practice.

Dr. G. W. Mylks, Assistant Professor of Obstetrics, will spend a part of the summer in Europe. Dr. Mylks will visit the main clinical centres for special work in his line.

The Medical boys who were lucky enough to secure tickets, enjoyed "Ye revels," on Friday evening, as provided by our technical brethren across the campus.

A few members of Year '12 are planning a European trip next summer, mostly for pleasure, but also to look over any clinics which may be afforded them.

Alumni.

William Thomas Hall, B.A.

IT is with deep regret, we report the death of William Thomas Hall, B.A. (1910), which occurred on November 1st, 1910, at his home in St. Thomas, Ont. Mr. Hall was an intra-mural student at Queen's during the session '08-'09, the remainder of his course being taken extra-murally. As a student he was thorough and industrious, and those who had the privilege of being intimately associated with him will long remember his genial manner and generous sympathetic nature. Owing to his delicate health he was prevented from taking part in many of the numerous phases of student life at the University, but his memory will ever be cherished by the circle of choice friends with which he surrounded himself. Mr. Hall is survived by his father, mother and one sister, to whom along with all his sorrowing friends and relatives our sincerest sympathy is extended.

AT a mass meeting of the Arts Society, on Feb. 6th, the old question of smoking in the club-room was the subject of discussion. From one point of



view the meeting was a disappointment as only about one-third of the members were present to vote upon a matter which has occupied the attention of the Society for such a long time. But it must be added that the meeting was one of the most interesting the Society has held in years. Both sides presented their arguments well and all the devices of the debaters' art were exhausted in efforts to prove that smoking in the club-room was or was not advisable. Some of the speeches were decidedly humorous. A narration of the frantic efforts of a certain public house dame to rid her person of the odor of the tobacco which polluted her environment, caused such laughter that the Society's sides are still sore. Suffice it to say that the non-smokers had a majority in the meeting and the lovers of "my lady nicotine" must perforce smoke in the cold outdoors or accept the hospitality of Jimmy Baker and his confreres down street.

The Arts Society was indeed fortunate to have the opportunity of listening to Prof. Stephen Leacock, last Wednesday evening, in an address on "What the Universities Can Do for Canada." Prof. Leacock argued that while the universities should give every arts graduate a training which would enable him to beat every man at his own business, this was but incidental to their real task which was to give such an ideal of success that college men would not seek to amass wealth but rather aim to enrich the world by the product of their minds and spirits.

Philosophy Goes Down to Defeat.

On Friday last the athletic interest of the University was centred in the annual hockey struggle between Philosophy and Polecon, which began on the open-air rink at one o'clock and was waged fiercely for the space of one hour. For a time the two hosts swayed back and forth in deadly conflict and the issue was uncertain, but soon the training of the two forces began to be evident in their style of play and the large crowd of spectators were assured that victory intended to alight upon the banners of Polecon.

Polecon came fresh from a lecture on the extermination of the unfit. Gazing upon the serried ranks of Philosophy they determined to put this teaching into practice most aggressively. Encouraged by Captain Karver Burnet they began an attack which eight times carried defeat into the enemy's citadel. Sir John A. MacDonald brought up the rear and so strongly advocated a protective policy that only once was Philosophy able to enter into successful competition. Immediately after this the Polecon men began a merger movement and for the rest of the period the Philosophers were crowded into a very small portion of the competitive field.

Philosophy displayed less aggressiveness. In critical moments they failed to seize opportunities and were prone to philosophize before any decisive move thus giving their opponents the advantage. In the last few moments the Polecon captain suddenly recollected that all systems of science and philosophy should be based on a foundation of charity. Securing the disc, therefore, he shot it past Adam Smith Lang into his own home market. The philosophers maintained an attitude of stoic indifference as they marched from the field.

An Outside Impression of the Science Dance.



DEAR Jim, I seen the swellest
dance the other night,

I tell you what, it was a scrumptious
sight!

I seen the coloured lights when I got
near,

An' wished, an' wished that you was
only here.

The cabs came rippin', tearin' up, an' stopped,
An' when I seen them cloaks I nearly dropped.
Some was red or blue an' trimmed with fur and lace,
An' some beat, by a length, the owner's face.
O' course the men all looked alike,
Except the ones who all alone came down the pike.

But Jim! the gowns were somethin' awful swell,
An' every one seemed nicer than the last; I'd like to tell
You all about them, but my pen won't write a write;
Take it from me, Kid, they was a nifty sight.
An' when they started dancin' and colours blended,
An' the couples glided here an' there until the music ended,
I simply stared an' gaped—I couldn't say a word;
Honest, Jim, that music was the best I ever heard.
Away up near the roof with propeller buzzin' fine,
They had a great big air ship;—I wisht that it was mine
An' you an' me was in it, a-sailin' thro' the sky,
Just scootin' on, an' on, an' on until we die.

The rooms for settin' out was fixed up pretty good;
One was a sort o' mining camp in a nifty little wood,
An' one was full o' cozy corners, with a fire in the grate;
On the quiet, Jim, that's why some was always late.
But the eatin' part just knocked me almost out.
An' when I saw the grub I gave a shout

But squelched it pretty quick for fear they'd hear;
The sight of all them eats made me feel queer.
The dancers came in then an' sat around
An' fed their face,—O joyful sound.

The orchestra amused them as they put the grub away,
Say, Jim, it's great, while eatin', to have them play.
An' all the while the dancin' in the Hall went on
Until I thought they'd keep it up till dawn.
But was I tired? Not much. I could a watched all night;
The music, gowns an' supper had my goat all right.

At last they played old "Home, Sweet Home," an' say,
I wisht you could a seen their faces as they danced away.
Some showed plain that they was glad 'twas o'er.
(I guess the pumps had made their feet all sore)
An' some just didn't care, they'd stay or go,
(Just as their partners wanted, Jim, you know)
But some showed plain that they was sore
They had to leave off dancin' on that floor,
An' that they'd have to leave the girls, an' then
It might be days before they'd see them all again.
O Jim, I sighed when all were gone at last,
An' knew the Science Dance was past.

I guess you wonder how I got a pass to this swell show?
Well, I was peepin' thro' the windows, Jim, you know.



expected that this concert will, if anything, surpass the one of January 23rd, which has been very highly praised by all who were fortunate enough to be present. We hope that a great many more will be present at the second concert than were at the first.

The Choral Society desires to acknowledge its appreciation of the kindness of Mr. Arthur Craig and Miss Shaw, who are so generously giving of their time and talent, in preparing the Choral Society for the second concert. It is up to every member of the Society to show his or her individual appreciation by turning out to every practice.

THE Choral Society recommenced their practices last week, in preparation for the second concert of the Musical Clubs. This will in all probability take place on Friday evening, March 3rd. It is



Education.

AT the last meeting of the Aeschylean Society the members were favored with a very interesting address by Dr. Dyde, on the famous French painter, "Jean Francais Millet." In his opening remarks Prof. Dyde said that he was greatly interested in the teaching profession as it was one of the greatest factors in the social life and advancement of the age. He said that one of the aims of education was to transform the child from a self-entered individual to a world-centered individual and here the teacher joins hands with the preacher and the press,

One of the greatest agencies for lifting the child from the narrow, selfish, self into the broader ideals and visions of life is the work of some of the great painters. Copies of such paintings as, "The Angelus," "The Gleaners," and "The Sower" could be obtained at a very small cost and should be found on the walls of every school-room. The silent influence of such masterpieces could not but leave a lasting impression on the minds of children.

There are two reasons why teachers should be interested in Millet, first, that they might observe the artistic or literary quality, or the glory of what we call the common life. It is not untrue of Millet to say that in his mind "there's such divinity doth hedge the peasant." He oft enobles what, to us, seems common and thus has made it easier for us to find the commonplace beautiful, even helps us to detect the concealed values below the casual surface.

The second reason is that the works of Millet furnish a direct lesson to the school children, and especially those in rural sections, of the unexpected significance of the life and objects continually surrounding them. With the child the unknown, as the elephant, or cannibal, is apt to be an object of wonder but the genius of Millet reveals the wonder surrounding the familiar. The scales are removed from our eyes and we see the invisible. Looking at the man with the hoe, or the gleaners of grain, or the woman tending her sheep, we are filled with an impression akin to the impression made upon us by the gods and heroes of Greek mythology. Thus they tend to give depth and nobility to the common life of us all.

Millet's life presents to us many interesting phases. There was nothing extraordinary about his early life. He was a peasant's son and was expected to follow his father's work but at noon-tide while others were resting he was busy with his pencil. His father recognized his talent and he was sent to school, but dying soon after left the boy without support. He was, however, sent by the town council of Cherbourg to Paris at their expense, through the influence of his master who, urging this course, said, "allow me, gentlemen, boldly, to lift the veil of the future, and to guarantee you a place in the memory of mankind for having been the first to endow our country with another

great man." "Similarly," remarked Prof. Dyde, "are teachers favored with the wonderful opportunities of giving to our land the great men, and this, alone, should add dignity to the profession."

One of the greatest impulses of Millet's life was the words of his grandmother who urged him never to forget that he was painting for eternity and to keep the presence of God and the sound of the last trumpet ever in his mind. For many years he did not receive public recognition and his life in Paris was extremely trying. He produced many works on mythological subjects including the nymphs, and satyrs and achieved the title of "le maitre du nu." The political unrest of 1848, in which he took no part, finally drove him from Paris and for the greater part of the rest of his life lived at Barbizon, near the noted Forest of Fontainebeau. The forest made an indescribable impression upon him and furnished him with his "wood-cutters," "faggot-carriers," and others—but even a deeper impression, deeper partly because of the indelible associations of his childhood, was made on him by the compogne-like plain lying between the forest and Chailly, on which he found his "Sowers" "Gleaners" and "Reapers." From here Prof. Dyde gave us an appreciation of Millet's paintings which a mere synopsis would come far short of doing justice to and which for want of space we must omit. Suffice it to say that the poignantly human note is observable in almost all Millet's work; his passionate sympathy with his fellow-man is the keynote of his art. The "wood-cutter" in his arduous toil, the shepherd in his solitariness, the peasant sowing his seed,—all carry the same message for him of that strong and incomprehensible mingling of joy and sadness which we call life.

The student after having preached his trial sermon has no need to speak thus. Little mannerisms previously undetected have been revealed. Faults which have become a habit are shown up. Friends do not or will not tell him of these, but the trial sermon brings them to light. Surely it is an advantage to be able to set his course anew, to correct former errors and deviations, to consult the compass with more deference. Finally it is the only devotional service which the church demands of her students. Each summer students have to submit a sermon to the Presbytery in which they reside. During the session at college, a homily and an expository sermon are required. But this is the only occasion in his course that the student is examined upon his conduct of the whole devotional service.

It remains only to speak a few words in regard to the alternatives mentioned above. It is obvious that the suggestion of preaching the sermon in the class-room robs the student of the opportunity to conduct the devotional exercises which are of supreme importance in church service. Besides there would be a certain amount of pretence about it which would make one feel as unnatural as under the present method. The other suggestion is farther astray since it allows for no public demonstration of the student's ability and accomplishes only that which is provided for in other ways. Although by no means perfect, we hold that the trial sermon has its proper place, and should receive our support until something better is found. We do well to

remember that no student is worth much in the church who is not beaten out of all satisfaction with himself and made to see that in preaching the way to service is the way of growth and continuous re-adjustment.—Contributed.

Athletics.

Ring and Mat.

THE preliminaries for the annual assault-at-arms were held Saturday, and afforded some fine exhibitions of the manly arts. Greater interest has been taken this year in boxing and wrestling than ever before. Last year in the Intercollegiate meet we succeeded in winning seven out of the ten events, and there is an eager desire among the followers of the game to duplicate the feat. This year, for the first time, regular hours have been given each week for practice. Some weeks ago an instructor was engaged for the boxers, and he has a pretty busy night of it whenever he comes, for there is lots of good material.

The men who win their 'Q's' in boxing, fencing and wrestling deserve them about as much as any one in the University. They have to train consistently, and usually deny themselves much to get down to weight. All of last week you could see fellows pounding the bag, running miles around the track or working on the chest weights, and most of them have three or four sweaters on. Each night they would weigh themselves, and on the record given by the scales depended the amount of supper they could eat.

Many of the fellows had to cut out supper on Friday and breakfast Saturday morning to make the weight at eleven o'clock. It is said that some went to the dance Friday night solely in the hope that they might take a spare pound or so off. However the fellows have all weighed in now, and won't have to go through the agony again till the Intercollegiate meet.

In some of the events only two men were entered, and so they did not have to compete until the finals next Saturday. In others there were three or five, and the lucky man who drew a bye went home to eat a good dinner.

The events contested on Saturday were the feather, light and middle-weight wrestling, and the feather and welterweight boxing. The events started at three o'clock, after the seconds had arranged their pails, towels, lemons and so forth. The first event was the featherweight boxing between Watts and Dick Smith. It was a very pretty bout. Smith fought hard all the time, but Watts was much the cooler and always judged where to plant his blows. Dr. Richardson declared him the winner immediately at the end of the third round. Next Garvock and MacIntosh went for one another in the featherweight wrestling. Garvock went into it hard, and got two falls in the first six minutes. Buchanan and Matheson came next in the lightweight wrestling, and had a merry go. Scotty had Matheson's points down unexpectedly in about two minutes, but as Matheson was the aggressor for the rest of the round, the judges ordered another three minutes. Matheson got

a fall in that round, and at the end of the third round was given the decision. Then Hughes and Kinton went on in the same class. Hughes won by three falls.

Noonan and Anderson put on the gloves then, for the 145 pound boxing. Both went into it pretty hard at first, but towards the end Anderson's staying power told, and the last round was his for the greater part of it. Noonan put up a game fight against a considerably longer reach. More than once he rushed his man into the ropes, but seemed to lack the steam to finish it. Anderson had a good chance to finish the fight early in the third round when he landed a body blow that made his opponent wobble a bit, but he was too good a sport to take advantage of it.

The last event was the middleweight wrestling. Foster and P. M. MacLachlan took the opposite corners. Foster wrestled welter in the Intercollegiate last year, and will doubtless do it again. However he is about 150 now, and will have to work some to get down. MacLachlan is a find. Foster threw him in the second round, but only after the very hardest kind of work. MacLachlan was new at the game and seemed a little nervous about going on the aggressive. That is the only game that will work with Foster, and had he not thrown his man, he would have won on points. MacLachlan ought to stick to the game, for with a little more experience he will make a grand 158 pound wrestler.

On Saturday afternoon the finals will be held, and every man who doesn't go to Toronto should be on hand. We can promise a rare afternoon's sport, as all the men are well matched, and every one of them trained down to the minute. For the sake of the fussers who could not tear themselves away from the rink in the afternoon the assault will be held in the evening at eight o'clock. We all have a bit of the primitive man in us, and only the fellows whose spirit is becoming sapped will stay away.

Hockey.

By a score of 18 to 13 on the round McGill seconds won from our intermediate team in the finals of the Eastern series of the Intercollegiate. Queen's put on a weak team last Monday night, and the score thirteen to seven represents the play fairly well. The two Meikles and Elliott and Blakesly on the defence worked their heads off, but began to play out towards the end of the game. In the last five or six minutes the McGill forwards were continually hovering about our net.

On Friday, however, with a strengthened team the seconds won by 6 to 5 and had it not been for the fine work of the McGill point and goal tender would have stood a good chance of evening the score. Macdonnell and Goodwin make a better pair on the wings than the men of the week before, and Goodwin scored no less than three goals. The game was fast all the way through. Many of the spectators thought it a better exhibition than the Varsity-McGill game which preceded it. It seems a pity that the hockey executive did not see fit to play the stronger team on Monday when the men were available.

The team was:—Goal, Mills; point, Blakesly; cover, Elliott; rover, A. U. Meikle; centre, M. Meikle; wings, Macdonnell and Goodwin.

As a result of Saturday's game in Montreal, Queen's first team must win in Toronto to hold the championship. Had McGill won Queen's could have lost, and there would still have been a tie. Now all our hope is staked on this game. Can we do it? Well we ought to. None of the men are over-confident, but they do not feel disheartened over the prospect before them, and it is a sure thing that they will not let up until the whistle has tooted for full time. Queen's will have to back-check. It is a pretty hard thing when a man is beginning to see green lights in front of him to plug back, but it is only by everlasting plugging back that we have a ghost of a show. There will likely be a good crowd with the team, and the supporters who go along mustn't forget that they have their voices with them.

Queen's Girls 1; Gananoque Girls 6.

A club which has just come into existence this year is the girls' hockey team. Like all newly organized clubs it has to work hard to keep in existence, but it took the right way of doing it by playing an outside game with Gananoque. Our girls were defeated, but they are more than ever determined to learn the game, and will, no doubt, play first-class hockey before the winter is out.

The Gananoque girls gave the Queen's girls a tea after the match, where they replayed the game over the festive board.

For Queen's Miss Johnson, at cover, was the star. She administered stiff body checks right and left, and headed many a rush up the ice. Miss Craig played a good forward game, but lacked support. Miss MacDonald scored Queen's only tally on a long drive from centre ice. In all probability a return game will be played here in a week or so.

The team was as follows:—Goal, Miss Brownlee; point, Miss MacDonald; cover, Miss Johnson; rover, Miss Craig; centre, Miss Young; right wing, Miss Raitt; left wing, Miss Calhoun.

Association Football Club.

The annual meeting of the Association Football Club was held on Saturday evening, at the regular meeting of the Alma Mater Society. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. president, Prof. John Matheson, M.A.; president, Archie O'Donnell; vice-president, D. E. Foster; secretary-treasurer, P. T. Pilkey, M.A.; assistant secretary, F. C. Casselman; captain 1st team, E. L. McArdle; committee:—Arts, Jno. McNab; Science, R. W. McKenzie; Medicine, Hugh MacDonald; Theology, Wm. Scott.

The annual meeting of the Intercollegiate executive will be held in Toronto, on Feb. 18th. Queen's will be represented at this meeting by P. T. Pilkey, who is the president of the league.